Nimai and the Astrologer

Astrologer: (examining Mother Saci's hand) You are very fortunate, Mother Saci, I have never seen such wonderful omen on the person of any lady!

Saci: Sir, how do you call me blessed? I have miscarried eight daughters. Next, my son, Visvarupa, became a wandering mendicant; only God knows where he is now. Now, my youngest child madly roams about, declaring that He is Visnu. Sir, if you could conjure up some means to steady this boy's mind, then I shall sell myself to your feet. (Nimai runs in) Father, see Him now! Looking like a madman, He has burst into the house, considering no one!

Astrologer: Is this your son? Let's see, (to Nimai) where is Your right hand? Mother, you were calling the boy mad, but with the birth of this son, Your forefathers, as well as the entire universe is purified.

Nimai: Oh, A priest! Let me see what you have in your bundle!

Saci: Shame! My dear, must you be so naughty? Offer your respects to the learned astrologer!

Nimai: Dear sir, if you are actually an astrologer, let Me hear you tell Me what I was in my previous birth.

Saci: Just hear His insane ravings, sir!

Astrologer: No, Mother, these are not insane murmurings, for I have already thoroughly researched your son's astrological chart! (to Nimai) In Your previous birth, Nimai, You were a cowherd boy.

Nimai: What piety gave Me a brahmana birth?

Astrologer: My Lord, only by Your mercy have I been able to recognize You and it is by Your grace that my learning has not gone to waste! You are far beyond the reralm of sin and piety, You have appeared by Your own sweet will!

Nimai: Well then, I am going to snatch away your bag; you could not correctly answer Me!
(Nimai takes the Astrologer's bag away.)

Saci: You woeful imp! You don't have respect for even a worshipable priest?!

(Nimai returns the bag.)

Nimai: Because you are scolding Me, I will go and contaminate Myself by sitting upon the dirty pots!
(Nimai starts to leave.)

Saci: What are You doing? Heavens Above! Wait! If You do that then I will not give You anything to eat today!

Nimai: Is that so? No food today? I will certainly sit on the deity altar!
(Nimai takes the deity of Lord Visnu off the altar and sits there.)

Song:
Sing Haribol, swing, swing, swing
Sri Radha Krsna swing
Shyam swings with Radha, on His left a blue saffire
And flashing molten gold. Beauty is unable to control itself and hold.
The gopi damsels paint Vrndavana in many-shaded hues
Throwing colored powder to their friends.
Rosy-red Radhe, bluish-tinted Madanmohan
Oh what a joyous tumult, clapping their hands in glee
Hoist the flag of the Lord's Holy Name and sing "Hari!" in harmony.
Sari and Sukha, the parrots, have joined with a very merry sound
The bumble bee buzzes, flying to the blossoming lotus pond.
See how the peacocks prance, plumes nicely arranged
The flower buds peep and sway
Jubilant Yamuna melts, her water gushing away
The sky is filled with the sound of "Haribol!"

Swing sing Haribol
Swing, swing, swing
It is time for spring
The festival of colors has come
Radha's and Krsna's festival has come.

Scene Six - Later

(Jagannath Misra enters)

Saci: Just see the disaster! Your son has become contaminated by touching the dirty pots and then sat Himself there on the altar of the Supreme Lord Visnu. My household will surely be finished! Oh Nimai, what have You done by acting in such a preposterous way!?

Misra: Very well. Nimai, I will have to punish You.
(Nimai runs away. Gangadasa Pandit enters.)

Gangadasa: Dear Misra, where are you stalking off to so angrily? I saw Nimai in flight; are you going to punish Him?

Misra: My dear gentleman, it seems that my son has turned out to be an atheist! He sat on the Lord's altar!

Gangadasa: This is not unusual. As an educated parent, you protest, as it is not a polite behavior. Intelligence is judged often by the degree restlessness or agility of the mind. This later converts to profundity by the weight of proper learning. Nimai possesses an exceptional intellect - what more can I say? You should sit with Him to hear Him read one day; you will find this out for yourself.
You keep Him locked up like a cretin because you are afraid that He will learn renunciation. You do not act like His well-wisher, but more like His enemy. You are wrong to wait until He comes of age, for age without education is a burden. Give your son to me, I shall look after Him and return to you a learned scholar!

Misra: I shall soon accept your advice, sir, but first let Nimai receive His upavita, the sacred thread. Then, later, I will follow your instructions. Excuse me, I must go and find out where that mischief-maker has gone.

Gangadasa: Control yourself, sir Misra! Do not frighten your son; one who possesses a beastly nature is addicted to excessive punishment. Your son is of novel intellect; retribution will drive Him in the wrong direction.
Please introduce me to this brahmana, your guest.

Astrologer: I am Nilambhara Chakravarti, an astrologer.

Gangadasa: Very well! Have you made a proper study of the Vedic scriptures?

Astrologer: I know something from the instructions of my teacher.

Gangadasa: Good, then tell me - who am I?

Astrologer: There is no need to do an astrological calculation in your case; I have already guessed from your speech that you are a teacher. Your fate is very good. You will acquire consummate fame in this world by tutoring this young Nimai.

(to Jagannath Misra) My dear Misra, please consider my submission, do not regard your son as an ordinary boy, seeing Him with a mundane vision. He is the supreme incarnation, appeared as the helmsman to ferry everyone across this ocean of nescience! By the grace of my Spiritual Master, my calculations are never proved wrong.